

## For You. by Fanflick

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**Summary:**

Modern Hargrove Au When Neil dies in a drunk driving accident it finally freed Billy from his abuse, however with his new freedom Billy knew he had some things to do.

## **For You.**

### **Author's Note:**

Sometimes you write with 4 to 5 hours of sleep after you had a literal dream about these two idiots. I am not lying when I say that, this somehow happened. Please don't forget to leave kudos or a comment, it really helps me decide whether or not I should update faster than my other stories. Thanks again!

Seventeen years of pain, sorrow, and misery was over the second Neil Hargrove ran a red light one Saturday evening. Drunk on a pack of Bud light that was found in his car, he was hit by a semi before he could even process what was happening.

Billy's life could change in an instant, he woke up that Sunday morning ready for anything except for that. He thought the end to Neil's rein of terror would be more dramatic with him finally being old enough to go back to California.

Some nights he would dream of the day he left, picturing the surprised look on everyone's face before he drove into the night. Calling out Susan for not helping him, telling Max what has been going on, and possibly punching his father to end this chapter of his life.

Instead he woke up to Susan hysterically crying, Max holding her mother, as the Sheriff told them what has transpired. Billy couldn't properly explain the emotions he was feeling if he was being honest.

Well, sort of I mean he was relieved of course however, there was this feeling of emptiness that started to cloud his mind. He waited seventeen years for this so now what?

He was still seventeen therefore he couldn't properly drive off into the sunset like he planned. He had a couple of months before his eighteen birthday in March, but what was the point if he couldn't finally face his demons?

He planned and planned but he never thought about what he would do if it came too soon. He needed to go out, clear his head or something, but mainly he wanted to get out of the house.

The house he was forced to live in, the house that never was a home and now only reminded him of his father. It felt suffocating as if the ghost of Neil was somehow choking him beyond the grave.

Once the Sheriff left the 'family' to morn, Billy instantly reach for his keys. The blue camaro he drove was his mother's and was probably the only thing that would keep himself from punching a hole in the wall.

He slipped on his grey hoodie, cursing the cold weather and hating the town a little more. He could still see his breath, it was never this freezing back in California.

He didn't spare Susan or even Max a glance as he walked out of the house, why would he? They weren't his family, then the realization came in a drowning wave. He had no one now, no real family at all.

Neil was dead to him the moment he laid hands on his mother, but still he was his father.

Billy shook his head, no he was glad the old man was dead. He didn't even see Billy as a human, most likely he saw Billy as a freak of nature. A mixture of haunted memories and a dash of homosexuality helped Neil to reason himself to hurt his only son.

The silence of Hawkins was killing Billy right now, he needed something to drone out the eerily quiet drive. He pulled out his phone from his pocket, and played his Spotify playlist.

The first song of "Nowhere to Run" by BOGA made him feel a bit uneasy, he didn't like how the song started. It was his favorite, reminded him of his mother, but this dread of never feeling freed started to bother him.

Would he always have this deep down anger that will never go away? Or was he destined to hurt others like he was? This cycle that he could never break, made from years of repression.

Jesus, that was depressing. Luckily, the song finished and "The less I know the better" by Tame Impala came on finally pulling him out of his negative thoughts or so he tried.

It's just, it wasn't fair. He waited his whole life for this moment and yet he would never properly end everything that his father started.

The tears that welled up in his eyes were not of sorrow, they were of anger that he had to go through all of this shit.

He parked his car on the side of the road, pulling his hoodie up as he started laughing or better yet hysterically cackling as he allowed himself to cry. He sounded crazy, he was going crazy and he had no idea what to do now.

What would make him feel better? Cry his eyes out like a bitch? God, he was pathetic.

He didn't notice the BMW until someone tapped his window, he panicked as he glanced to see Steve Harrington staring back at him.

He turned away to wipe his eyes, trying to calm his breathing before rolling down his window. He could of drove away, but he just couldn't.

There Steve was in all of his glory, his face properly healed after Billy beat him with an inch of his life a couple of months ago.

Fucking Tommy saw him with a bunch of kids or better yet his stepsister and told him about it. Hinting that King Steve might not be the saint that Billy thought he was.

He didn't even asked Steve his side of things before kicking his ass in front of Max's nerdy friends. The Sheriff was called and well let's just say that Billy had his own set of bruises to show that Tuesday morning.

Only then did he learned that Steve Harrington went from top dog to babysitter, and was doing their parents a favor almost every afternoon. So yeah Steve Harrington was a literal angel while Billy was just another piece of shit beating someone weaker than him.

However, Steve wasn't exactly weak. Steve got a few good punches during their fight, but Billy had to play dirty by throwing a rock at him. God, he wished he could take it all back right now.

"Car troubles?" Steve spoke up first, trying his best not to stare at his puffy eyes. It's sweet if Billy wasn't having a personal crisis right now.

"What do you want Harrington?" Billy snapped as he finally stopped playing his music. It was one of those eighty's hard rock songs, but it really didn't matter right now.

"Well, I was driving around and I saw your car parked here so I thought something was wrong." Steve shrugged as he scratched his neck. He probably wasn't expecting Billy to be this angry.

"Nothing is wrong, Pretty boy. So why don't you mind your own business?" Billy couldn't stand those wistful eyes, no matter how beautiful they looked.

Billy wanted to bite his tongue once he utter the 'pretty boy' part, just another reason why he wanted Steve to go away.

Steve Harrington who made him nervous, and reminded why his own father hated him so much. With his gorgeous face and charming demeanor, a fucking Disney princess through and through.

"Fine, but I just don't think that a hoodie is going to do you any good. With the snow and all." Steve explained as he brushed his hand through his hair.

God, Billy would give anything to have his own finger pull through that fucking hair. Feeling it under his fingertips before giving it a yank to see Steve's reaction to the rough treatment.

He heard rumors that King Steve was great in bed, but he wondered how would he do being underneath Billy. Billy bet he could make Steve scream his name all night long if he ever had the chance.

"Yeah," Billy instead rolled his eyes and decided to turn his car back on. He shoved the key in and twisted to have it not start at all. Fuck, something must of finally happened with his carburetor since it is an older car.

He knew he used the last of his starter fluid last week when this happened, and now he really hated himself for not getting anymore.

Billy turned towards Steve who continued to stand beside his driver side door, and he groaned to himself as he finally got out of the car.

Shit, and he thought it was cold inside the car. He slammed the car door closed while saying, "Okay, I have car troubles so just take me to the nearest auto parts store or something."

Now he imagined Steve rolling his eyes or scoffing at his request, but he surprised him. Steve gave a small chuckle, covering his lips with the palm of his hand before motioning Billy to follow him.

The BMW is toasty and God he wished he had enough money to fix the heating system in his car. He does scoff at the music selection Steve is playing once he gets inside the car though.

Some song from the Bleachers, perfect for an indie coming of age movie that he had to drive Max to before.

"Nice car." Billy commented as Steve started to drive, apparently the music was too loud for him to hear. Steve must of heard some of it because he swiftly lower the volume with the steering wheel before asking Billy to repeat.

"I said 'nice car' Richie Rich. Jeez, what does your parents even do?" Billy doesn't know why he is feeling chattier than usual, maybe because he knows once Steve helped him out today then they might never speak to each other again.

The last time he checked Steve quit the basketball team, and honestly that was the only time Billy got to see him. It was a little pitiful that Billy had to make a spam account in order to follow Steve's Instagram, but it is what it is.

Steve posted pictures of the dweebs, his ex plus her new boy toy, and unusual selfies he did out in public. He stopped using Snapchat after a celebrity boycotted it and his Twitter usually had some outdated memes. He seemed to really enjoy Kermit the frog or Spongebob based memes.

"Dude, I have no idea anymore. Probably business?" Steve sighed as he kept his eyes on the road. It made Billy wonder why was he even helping him in the first place?

Billy thought he was a pervert and literally beat his face in. This bothered him, because no one was this nice unless they wanted something.

"So, what were you doing before this?" Billy asked, trying to drown out the terribly upbeat music Steve played in the car. He doesn't really feel like pretending everything is fine right now.

"Oh, I just wanted to get out you know? Plus it is nice to drive around, clears my head." Steve explained as Billy nodded.

However, the asshole within him sneered, "I thought your head was already empty enough." And without really thinking, Billy said it out loud.

"Ha ha I am stupid, yeah funny." Steve flatly replied, Billy instantly knew he hit a nerve. He assumed Steve would have a comeback or roll his eyes at least, but he sounded tired more than anything.

The next couple of minutes were awkward to say the least, Steve nicely raised the volume so there wasn't much silence to fill the void Billy created in the car.

Yet, Billy had no idea how to relieve the tension he created. He didn't know Steve enough to really talk to him, just like Steve doesn't know him enough to ask why he was crying.

It is a stalemate that will never break free from and that alone is enough to make Billy hate himself even more.

Eventually, they made it to one of the Autozones and they both went in. Steve hanged around the register glancing at the candy selection while Billy grabbed some more starter fluid. He really needed to look up ways to protect his car from the cruel winter snow.

He reached for his wallet in his back pocket before realizing it isn't there, he must of left it home on his nightstand. The teenager behind the register is waiting for payment and Billy wished he had

something to pay for it.

Then all of a sudden two Snickers bars are placed beside the starter fluid, and a red card is slipped into the chip reader.

Billy glared at Steve who only huffed to himself as he is given his receipt. Steve grabbed his candy before walking out of the store, letting Billy grab the damn spray as he followed him out.

"What was that?" Billy doesn't know exactly why he felt angry. Maybe it was a deep rooted issue he had or something, but either way he wasn't happy.

"Dude, this candy is all for me." Steve joked as he unlocked the car.

"Not that you dumbass! Why did you pay for it?" Billy restated as they both got into the car. He made sure to slam the car door extra hard to prove how angry he was to Steve.

Steve was already unwrapping one candy bar and taking a bite before he shrugged at Billy.

"Okay, let's be honest for a second and not try to one-up each other like before. Billy, did you have money to pay for it?" Steve started the car, licking some chocolate off his lips.

That sort of shocked Billy, he thought Steve would brush him off or maybe make a rude comment about how poor he was. He didn't expect Steve to try and have a meaningful conversation with him.

"No." Billy replied, shutting his mouth so hard that his teeth nicked each other. It was humiliating, Steve could see right through him and it truly terrified him.

"That's why then. I mean if you need help you could always ask me." Steve nearly whispered out the last part. It felt odd, as if he knew something he wasn't telling.

Billy sat back, staring out the window to look at the snow filled sky. It rubbed him the wrong way, everything about this town rubbed him the wrong way.



There was a crinkle of a wrapper and sure enough the other Snickers bar was thrown in his lap. A gesture of friendship?

"Okay, I lied the other bar was for you." Steve gave a quick smile, but stopped as Billy scowled. He must of wanted something from Billy, like weed or maybe beat up someone for him.

Even though Billy knew this was probably a bribe, he ripped open the candy and ate it. There was still that part of him that wanted to impress Steve.

When he first got to Hawkins he acted aggressive to show everyone who was boss, but once he laid eyes on Steve Harrington he knew he wanted so much more.

He would do anything to get Steve to noticed him, see him, and now that he had his attention it felt unnatural. He assumed boys like Steve Harrington would stay away from the type of person he was.

Yet, there was always this fire underneath the surface of Steve. He got a hint of it during there fight and as he straddled Steve he knew he wanted that fire to burn him.

When the snow finally stopped they reached his car, Steve parked right behind it and before Billy got out he told him.

"Hey, I am sorry about your dad. I mean I know we aren't exactly friends, but I wanted to let you know that I am here for you. God, that sounds stupid but it's the truth." Steve confessed as Billy stared at him.

Steve fucking Harrington with those kissable lips and nervous palms waiting for Billy to answer him. He probably wanted a sign of gratitude or some acknowledgement.

And it made sense, it fucking made sense that Steve would only care about him because he lost someone 'special' and not because he honestly liked Billy.

"How did you know?" Billy asked with a monotone voice, he never sounded like this before.

"Sheriff Hopper is the father of Jane, this girl I babysit so he usually tells me stuff like this." Steve explained as Billy gripped the spray can.

"Did he tell you to check up on me? That trailer trash Billy Hargrove would be crying about his dead daddy so you should try and make him feel special?" Billy sneered, ready to punch Steve all over again.

"What? No, he didn't tell me to check up on you. I literally have no idea I would find you out here." Steve pointed out as Billy scoffed.

Billy was about to get out of the car before Steve locked the door. The stupid car had a safety feature that didn't let him unlock it from the passenger side.

"Billy, I am serious when I told you I am here for you. If you don't believe then how about this? I give you my phone number and you decide whether or not you want my help," Steve started before Billy tugged at door handle.

"Whoa, stop that! Okay, let me just put it in and if you have any reason at all to contact me then do it. Like you are bored at three in the morning and want to talk or something." Steve sighed as he finally unlocked the car.

Billy looked at him, he knew this wasn't a prank to get back at him since Billy would have Steve's number for one. Plus the lonely part of him thought it would be nice to text someone he wasn't going to hump and dump the next day.

Billy hesitantly pulled out his phone and handed it over to Steve. He nearly yanked it out of his hand and started to put his number in with a small smile.

Billy usually doesn't see that smile when he is in the presence of Steve, but he had to admit it felt nice to see it there.

Steve effectively created a new contact and handed the phone back. Yet, there was just one thing Billy had to ask before leaving the car.

"Why are you doing this for me? Are you a masochist or something? I did almost killed you that one time." Billy pondered as Steve gave a

small huff.

"I know Tommy is a piece of shit who told you that I was creeping on your sister. I understand why you did that, and if you didn't throw that rock at me I would find it sweet that you would beat up some weirdo who was bothering her." Steve said and with that Billy went back to his car.

The BMW drove away as Billy finally got the car working again, but for a few seconds he stared at the new contact in his phone. Steve Harrington was now added.

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It took a week before Billy finally caved in and texted Steve after drinking too much at a party. For the past week he pretended nothing was wrong, and so far no one has noticed.

Girls would still send him nudes, and he would of course bang the interesting one while leak the girls who weren't hot enough for him.

He would think that by now they would realize that Billy didn't give a shit if they were virgins or not. If you shared that type of picture with him, then you better expect to find yourself going viral in Hawkins.

He got Tommy back for lying to him when Carol wanted to hop aboard the Billy Hargrove train, he made sure that everyone knew about it too by leaking it on his Twitter.

Still, he couldn't help himself from texting Steve. He would love to call him, but let's be real about calling. It's annoying when you can't hear them and when there is an awkward silence between each exchange.

Plus he didn't know if Steve would even want to talk to him in his drunk stage, he was already starting to slur his words.

He sent a simple text that read, "Heey Pretty boy" and instantly he had Steve calling him. He panicked and ended up answering him as he slipped away into the bathroom.

The music at the party was loud, and made it hard to think let alone talk so he had to go somewhere more private. Plus screw the other people who needed to pee, they could do it in the bushes or somewhere.

"Billy, what's up?" Steve started and Billy was about to stop himself from smiling before realizing that this was a regular call.

"Nothing much, at a party and drinking." Billy tried his best not to slur, but the last word sort of failed.

"Really, why would you do that? Tomorrow is Monday so yeah." Steve called out to him and Billy replied honestly.

"Why not? People only like me when I put on a show and it's better than being at home." Billy couldn't deny that he wanted to see Steve and not just hear him.

"Do you even like the people you are hanging out with?" Steve wondered and Billy took a second to think. No, he hated everyone who tried to act like they knew him.

"They fucking suck, I fucking hate them so much." Billy grumbled when someone tried to open the restroom door.

He pressed the phone close to his chest to muffle out his reply to the action, "Someone is fucking in here, asshole!" The person on the other end of the door banged against it with a curse word before probably leaving him alone.

"What was that?" Steve laughed, he heard everything since Billy had the phone flipped around. It was nice hearing Steve chuckle, it really made Billy grin.

"Some dick wanted to use the restroom while I am in here. I don't wanna be here anymore," Billy moaned as more people tried to turn the locked door.

"Then why are you there?" Steve answered and Billy was actually talking about California, not the party.

"I can't leave, I am stuck. It's really frustrating." Billy wished he could

just get over all of these emotions. He wished he could leave, but something was pulling him back.

"Do you want me to get you? I can be there in fifteen, but only if you want me there." Steve told him, Billy nodded before realizing again that this wasn't a face-to-face conversation.

"Please, I don't want to be here anymore." Billy bite his lip, he hated how weak he felt. He just wanted everything to be alright in the end.

"Alright, I'll see you soon then." Steve told him before they hanged up. Billy couldn't help himself, but scroll through Steve's Instagram while he waited. Not really noticing that he was on his main account and not spam account.

He noticed he wasn't following Steve so he sent a request, then he liked every picture that had Steve in it. Billy grinning to himself when Steve called him, he was there at the party.

"Steve! Where have you been?" Billy was too drunk to really care how up close and personal he was being with Steve. He wrapped his arm around his shoulder, howling about his new friend.

"Dude, sober up will you?" Steve tried to act serious, but a smile started to emerge.

Billy loved it, he really did. He always wanted to be close to Steve, fuck he even smelled good and it was driving him crazy.

"Come on big guy, let's go to my place for some coffee." Steve told him as he helped him out of the house. They walked back to his car that was parked away from the chaos that was the party.

Billy nearly tripped as he hopped into the car, he was really looking forward to Steve's house. Betting that he had game consoles, movies, and generally cool things his family couldn't afford.

"Let's go! Steve Harrington! Let's Go!" Billy chanted as Steve rolled his eyes, he made sure Billy buckled up before driving. Jeez, such a mom friend.

Billy doesn't really know how far away Steve's house is because one

moment he is checking his text message then the next moment Steve is parked in his driveway.

"Get out of the car already." Steve chuckled as Billy took way too long to open the door. Then started to laugh when Billy didn't understand what was holding him back, his seat belt.

Eventually, Steve took pity on Billy and got out of the car to help him on his side. Steve had to lean into Billy in order to unbuckle it, giving Billy plenty of time to enjoy having Steve closed to him.

"Are you alright? Your face is really red." Steve commented as he helped Billy out of the car. He had a nice blush from the alcohol, but he turned as red as a lobster once he got close enough to Steve that he could count each and every eyelash.

"I don't know." Billy shrugged, trying his best to act nonchalant and failing miserably. Steve could only shake his head before letting Billy into his house.

Apparently, Steve had a coffee machine with the little cups you placed in. He quickly brewed Billy a cup while letting him explore the house for a bit.

"So let's go to California!" Billy recalled after he glanced at some DVD's and video games that Steve had. In his drunken state he somehow thought they were going together.

"What? Why California?" Steve yelled back from the kitchen before making his way to the living room. He handed Billy the coffee before taking a seat on the couch.

"California is my home, I want to go back." Billy explained as he took a seat next to Steve. The coffee was alright, but he had better since he could add whatever he wanted to it.

"Oh, but why now?" Steve asked as he waited for Billy to sober up a bit. He didn't want him to drive back home drunk, especially with what happened to my father.

"Because my dad is dead and that was my plan when I reached eighteen. You know drive into the sunset and everything!" Billy

proclaimed.

"How are you doing? With your dad being you-know." Steve shrugged he didn't really want to say it. There was something about Billy's behavior that made him worry.

"Fine, you know no more punishments or bruises. Maybe I could be who I am now that he is gone." Billy slurped some coffee, he liked talking to Steve.

Compared to people in the past when he talked to people they never seemed to listen. They acted like they care, but the moment Billy confined something personal it blew up in his face.

"And who is that? The real Billy Hargrove." Steve patted his back, believing he was lying about being fine but didn't want to make him uncomfortable.

"I-I don't know, but I want to find out." Billy looked at Steve and for a second Steve swore he saw a scared child underneath everything. However, before he could reply Billy smashed his lips against Steve.

Which first of all, ouch, because he basically slammed his face onto Steve since his motor skills were shit. And secondly, Steve had no idea why Billy Hargrove was kissing him.

For a second he thought about shoving Billy away, but knew that would make things worse between them. I mean kissing a boy is one thing, but getting rejected hurt like a motherfucker.

So in probably a stupid and bold decision Steve decided to kiss Billy back, cupping his jaw to ensure he had some stability in the kiss. A kiss that he may or may not enjoyed a little too much himself.

Okay, Billy was crazy handsome with that jawline and those blue eyes like a model. Plus he looked as if everyday was leg day and honestly Steve was intimidated the first time he saw Billy shirtless.

It was only a kiss, but Steve knew it must mean so much to Billy because the moment they broke away he looked absolutely blissful. Giving Steve an honest smile that he never really thought would fit on his face, and it made his heart flutter.

"Steve,I like you so fucking much you have no idea." Billy slurred and then Steve remembered he was completely wasted. He had no idea what he was doing and probably would forget in the morning.

"I like you too." Steve couldn't help but answer back. A part of him said so because Billy confessed first while the other told him that this didn't matter. It's not like Billy was going to remember in the morning.

Sometimes Steve pondered if he is bisexual, and for the most part he believed it to be true. He has these urges and on more than one occasion he had these dreams. Which honestly got worse the moment Billy walked into Hawkins.

Billy yawned loudly as he set the coffee down on the coffee table,which was sort of punny. Okay, maybe Steve should learn some more jokes or something.

Either way Billy made himself comfortable on the couch, clearly drunk and Steve doesn't tell him to get out or anything. Instead he handed over the blanket that laid on the couch and turned off the light, letting Billy sleep.

He stood for a couple of seconds before shaking his head, he really hoped Billy was doing alright. And with that the once empty Harrington house had an unusual guest with a giant secret that only Steve knew.

Why couldn't Steve have a normal relationship in his life?